LOUIS THE RESOLUTE.

By Harriet Taylor Upton.

It was spring-time in the city of Chelsea, Massachusetts.

Many boys and girls were in the streets on their way to enjoy an outdoor holiday.

Louis W. F. . . ., as he sat on his aunt's great front porch, contrasted strangely with things about him. He was deeply occupied with his own thoughts. He took a map from his coat-pocket and began a careful study of it. This he continued till he was startled by the rattle of a window-blind back of him; instantly he crumpled the paper tightly in his hand and slipped it again into its hiding-place.

In his mind he counted over his money, and found the sum to be only a very small one.

"I do wish that he would go and play ball as he usually does on Saturdays," muttered Mrs. Beman, as she peered at him through the window; "but he won't; he has reached the crisis. I had hoped he would be like his mother,—contented,—but he is like his father," and she quietly fastened the blinds. She had made no difference between her own sons and her brother's youngest boy, who had been left to her care when a mere baby. And in her mind she had mapped out his whole future. He was to be a lawyer; to practice in Chelsea; to live and die in the old homestead, as his father and father's father had done before him. But now she was beginning to fear her plans would not be carried out; and she was not surprised when, later in the day, Louis said, "Aunt Hetty, let 's go into the library, I want to have a talk with you."

So she accompanied him to the library, and they sat down opposite one another, with due solemnity.

"I have been thinking," began Louis, "that I should like to go to the war."

Mrs. Beman smiled. The idea seemed so ridiculous to her that she did not answer.

"I don't mean right now, because I am too young; but I should like to enter the United States service," Louis went on. "I have concluded I should prefer the navy. Every citizen of the republic, you know, should give his life for his country, if need be."

This was a set speech, and the speaker had rehearsed it several times in his own room.

Mrs. Beman remained silent. She knew just how that year, 1862, had stirred the hearts of all the people, and she considered this idea of her nephew's an outcome of the popular excitement. She knew that she had no political friends whose assistance she could ask, and she would make no effort to obtain an appointment for Louis. She disliked soldiers in peace, and did not wish to have her loved ones exposed to the perils of war.

"I 'd like to go to Washington and apply for an appointment," persisted Louis. "Don't scowl, Aunt Hetty; and please don't say no till you have thought about it."

Before she could answer, he jumped through the low window, ran along the porch, and up the street, intending to leave her plenty of time for reflection.

The next morning at breakfast he seemed somewhat anxious as he awaited her decision.

"I suppose the sooner you know, the better, Louis," his aunt said, as she passed him a cup of coffee.

He nodded assent.

"Well, I consider the scheme a hopeless one, and it is not what I had expected you would do; but as soon as you can earn the sum needful for your expenses you can go and make a trial."

The boy's face brightened, and he attacked the brown bread and baked beans with unusual vigor. He went with his aunt to church, for he went with her every Sunday, but he heard little of service or sermon. He arose and sat down at the proper places, but his thoughts were far away.

The next morning, at school-time, he came downstairs with a bundle in one hand and a small pasteboard box under his arm.

"Good-bye, Aunt Hetty," he said, as he stopped to kiss her.

"Where are you going, child?" she asked, in wonder.

"To Washington. Did n't you say I might go when I had money enough? I am going to walk —that does n't take money. Besides, I have a little money of my own to pay other expenses. So good-bye; I 'll write to you."

Seeing that he was resolved to go, his aunt would not interfere. But she advised him to secure the aid and influence of some prominent

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man. Louis thought this an excellent suggestion, and thanked her for it. Again bidding her farewell, he passed out of the gate and hurried along the street.

Mrs. Beman watched him until he turned the corner. Then, as she went in, great tears trickled down her cheeks. She brightened up, however, as she said to herself, "He may be back all the sooner for having started on foot."

Meantime Louis was trudging on his way. That afternoon he entered the city of Boston, tired but little by his walk.

Like all Massachusetts boys he knew of the great orator, Edward Everett, and he had even heard him speak. Remembering his aunt's advice, he determined that he could not do better than to call on Mr. Everett and see whether he could secure the influence of so prominent a man. He found the address in a directory and called at Mr. Everett's residence. Having said that he wished to see Mr. Everett on a matter of business, he was invited into the library.

Mr. Everett was a man of dignified bearing and great reserve of manner. Rising, the old gentleman said, in a cold but courteous tone, "What can I do for you?"

"Please give me a letter," said Louis, entirely unabashed, "to some of the officials in Washington. I am going to get an appointment as midshipman."

Mr. Everett was surprised and not entirely pleased with the boy's blunt reply. He said coldly:

"But I don't know you, my boy, and I am not in the habit of giving letters to strangers."

Louis looked up with a smile and said stoutly, "But you will give *me* one!"

Mr. Everett, like most men in public life, was an excellent judge of character. He looked sharply into the boy's face for a moment and decided that the young fellow had not intended to be impudent or presuming, but had stated his wishes with native simplicity and directness. Smiling a little, in spite of his efforts to maintain a dignified expression, he said:

"Yes, I will. I believe you to be an honorable young man, and a brave one as well. I think I can trust you with my name, and I will do all that I can to assist you. You are a bright little fellow and should make your mark in the world."

Asking Louis to be seated, he wrote a letter of introduction to his son-in-law, Commander Wise, who was then stationed in Washington.

After a few moments' conversation, during which Louis heard not a few words of kindly advice and suggestion, Louis bowed and took his leave, much pleased by this first success.

He spent the night at the house of a schoolmate, where he had been welcomed on previous visits to town, and early the next morning he plodded manfully on until he had left the city limits. He had his path laid out carefully before him. He knew just when to take the railroad track and when to keep to the highway.

At noon-time he stretched out under a tree and opened his lunch-box. His long walk had made him so hungry that he nearly emptied it, though he had meant to make it last for a long time. After a drink from a brook near by, he started out refreshed. As the afternoon wore away, his feet began to sting and smart, but he still walked bravely on until, just as the sun was going down, he turned into a farm-yard, intending to secure lodgings and a supper.

A fierce dog successfully disputed his right to enter, and he walked on nearly a mile before he reached a dwelling. Here he found a kind old man and wife, who, after asking numerous questions, gave the lad a supper and lodging. And, as the old gentleman was going to town on the following morning, he took the young traveler several miles on his way.

For dinner Louis bought some bread and milk, and late in the afternoon he had an hour's ride with a tin-peddler. To be sure, he could have made greater progress had he walked, but his legs were stiff and sore, and he was glad even to jog slowly along behind the old gray horse, with the aged and talkative driver for a companion.

That night, however, he could find no one who was willing to give him a lodging. He bought his supper at a farm-house, and was permitted to sleep in the barn. His bed of hay was rough, and the air in the loft stifling. A storm came up, and the roof leaked in many places, so that he had to change to another spot to avoid the dampness. At daybreak he renewed his march. The roads were muddy, the streams swollen, and he began to show the effects of his travel; he looked dusty and tired. A man ordered him out of a yard he had entered. He did not come to a place where he could breakfast till nearly noon, and several times debated whether he should turn back or not. But he kept on.

About four o'clock in the afternoon he came upon a company of school-children, and for a little while trudged along with them. For a few pennies he bought a portion of their luncheons, and made his supper of boiled eggs and apple-pie.

He spent the night with a friendly farmer, whom he met on the road; and although he did not exactly relish his breakfast, he congratulated himself because he had paid very little for it. He seemed to be meeting with unlooked-for discouragements; but his feet and legs, which at

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first had pained him, ceased to ache, and he comforted himself with the idea that he was becoming a pedestrian.

One day he happened to be at a small station just as a freight train was taking on fuel and water. A brakeman, with whom he fell into conversation, and to whom he told something of his plans, invited him to climb into a freight car, and he thus secured a ride to Philadelphia, and thereby gained fifty miles. After leaving Philadelphia he kept to the railway, and, being well hardened, made excellent progress, securing such fare and lodging as he could. He met with no peculiar adventures, however, until he was on the outskirts of Annapolis. He was walking sturdily along, looking toward a camp not far from the road, when he was challenged by a sentry:

"Who goes there?"

Louis halted, and, not knowing what to say, said nothing.

"Where 's your permit?" said the sentry.

"I have n't any permit,— what for?" asked Louis.

"You must have a permit before you can go on to Washington. I shall have to keep you under arrest until I am relieved," said the sentry, not unkindly.

Louis had been walking since early morning and had no objection to resting a while. At first he had been somewhat startled at the words "under arrest," but he soon reassured himself by reflecting that it surely could not be either a civil or a military offense to offer one's services to the country.

He talked with the sentry until the patrol came from headquarters, and then went with them as a prisoner. The Colonel was inclined to question Louis sharply at first, but when the boy had frankly explained that he was going to be appointed midshipman entirely on his own responsibility, the Colonel laughed heartily and they were soon on excellent terms. Louis stayed at headquarters for several hours, and then the Colonel said:

"Well, my boy, as the country needs you, we must not keep you here. Allow me to offer this as an apology for having detained you so long," and he thrust five dollars into Louis's hand. He pressed Louis to stay with them, but the boy was eager to go on. The Colonel made Louis promise to send him word as to the result of the journey. He insisted that Louis should take the money, and even secured him a place on a train which stopped only a short distance from Washington itself. After Louis left the train, it was not many minutes before the dome of the Capitol appeared against the sky.

The blood leaped in his veins for joy, and he quickened his pace. He walked on and on, still keeping his eyes on the dome, apparently without coming any nearer it. He concluded, therefore, that the track curved away from the Capitol, and at Benning Station he turned into the highway and sat down to rest.

Presently a little girl came wandering down a path which led to a house high on an adjoining hill. She carried a small basket, and looked eagerly up and down the road. Louis spoke to her, and she told him she was waiting for "Pompey," who was coming to take her across the river on his way to the city.

"Thar 's a heap o' Yankees 'round yeah," she said. "Are you going to town, too?"

"Yes," said Louis; "but I have to walk."

"You can ride," she returned. "Pompey will be alone, and he 's right glad of company."

So the last few miles Louis jogged along by a dark-skinned, thick-lipped boy, who spoke a dialect he could scarcely understand.

"Dar am de jail," said the boy. "It hab a heap o' fellows in dar, now. Reckon it 'll be a right smart spell fo' dey git out, too!"

But the young traveler had little interest in jails, and made but short answers. As he approached the city, he dusted off his hat and clothes, and otherwise made himself as neat as he could. At the corner of Maryland Avenue and Second Street he bade his companion good-morning.

He walked briskly through the Capitol grounds without noticing any of the surroundings. He hastened up the broad steps, through the rotunda, not stopping till he reached the green swinging doors which guard the upper House of Congress. Then suddenly he found himself nervous and excited; his forehead was wet with perspiration, the air seemed lifeless to him, and his courage was gone. He turned about and walked wearily away. He did not stop until he was under the dome, and then, somewhat tired of carrying about the little carpet-bag in which he had packed all his outfit, he seated himself upon a bench and looked about him.

He soon noticed that the number of people increased as noonday approached, and he summoned up his courage to return to the entrance of the Senate. Forgetting, for the moment, the letter given to him by Edward Everett, he began to consider whether he could not secure the influence of some Massachusetts statesman. Of course, his first thought was of Charles Sumner. He approached a man sitting near one of the doors, and said:

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Sumner?"

"I suppose he is in his committee-room," returned the attendant.

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"Where 's that?" asked Louis.

"It does n't make any difference to you, where it is. You can 't see him till he comes out," was the ungracious reply. "You stay around here, and when he comes along I 'll tell him you want to see him."

So Louis walked up and down, watching the people pass him,— black and white, rich and poor, ladies and char-women, excited politicians, jostling, dejected beggars, all intent on their own affairs.

But a boy can not feed upon sights, and he wandered down the hall until he found an old colored woman selling pies, cakes, buns, and fruit. Her stand was in a corridor between the rotunda and the Senate. She seemed much interested in Louis. She was, even then, a well-known character, and acquainted with many of the legislators, all of whom were kind to her, and, it is said, she occupies the same stand to this day, and has not forgotten Louis's visit.

"What makes you charge so much?" he inquired, when he had learned her prices.

"I keep fust-class victuals, and I sells to Congressmen, not to no common trash," she replied.

Louis thereupon invested in a piece of pie and apple, which he eagerly ate and found satisfying.

"I wonder if Congressmen like such hard crust?" he thought, as he went back to his post. It was then two o'clock, so he approached the doorkeeper again.

"Did you find Mr. Sumner?" he asked.

"I have n't seen him to-day; but when he comes along, I 'll let you know," said the doorkeeper, grinning.

"So you told me this morning at eleven o'clock, and I have waited ever since."

"Have you?" chuckled the official. "I forgot about you entirely."

Soon a man walked up hastily and, giving a card to the doorkeeper, said, "Send that to Senator Sumner!" Before many minutes an attendant returned and the man was invited to enter.

Louis was quick to take the hint. Writing his name upon a blank card, which he found upon a table near the door, he said to the doorkeeper, "Send my name to Senator Sumner, and I think he will see me!"

Louis spoke so confidently, that the doorkeeper, after looking sharply at him, sent in the card.

Senator Sumner received the card just as he was about to come out, and so appeared with the card in his hand. As he reached the door, he asked the doorkeeper:

"Where is the gentleman who sent in this card?"

"It was that little boy standing there," said the doorkeeper.

The Senator turned courteously to Louis, saying, "Well, my boy, what is it?"

"I have come to Washington to be appointed midshipman," said Louis, simply.

Mr. Sumner looked at him with surprise. At length he said, "I 'm too busy to see you now. Come and see me at my room to-night." Then he walked briskly away.

That night Louis had a long interview with the Senator, and told him the whole story.

"Did you walk all the way?" the Senator asked.

"No, sir," said Louis; "I contrived to get two little rides on the cars, and two or three persons helped me a few miles."

He saw the Senator's bright eyes twinkle, and his firm mouth break into a smile.

"Well, well, you have pluck! Did you think you could surely get the place?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I know I can."

Here Mr. Sumner looked serious again, and presently said, reluctantly, that he feared he could do nothing for Louis.

"It is no use, my boy. Even the President could n't do it. Why, I have from four to five hundred applicants whose fathers are influential men in high positions, all seeking to be appointed as midshipmen or cadets. You could get to be colonel in the army more easily. It is one of the few things that are absolutely out of the question. You 'd better go home — Washington is no place for boys in such times as these."

Louis remembered his letter to Commander Wise, and, after telling Senator Sumner about his interview with the Massachusetts orator, he produced the letter of introduction.

"It will do no good to present it," said Mr. Sumner. "Possibly," said he with a smile, "the President might have influence enough to help you — certainly no one else has!"

Louis, having expected a different result, was for a moment discouraged. But recovering himself, he turned to the Senator and said sturdily:

"I 've come to Washington to get that appointment, and sometimes even great men are mistaken. I shall not give it up until I have seen the President himself."

The following morning Louis made his way to the White House. He hung about the porch a while, and then followed some gentlemen inside and upstairs. They turned into one of the rooms and shut the door behind them. Soon another party arrived, and he noticed that they wrote their names on cards and sent them in by the messenger, who afterward admitted them. Louis then remem-

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"MR. LINCOLN THEN LAID HIS HAND ON THE BOY'S ARM AND SAID VERY KINDLY, 'I REALLY CAN DO NOTHING FOR YOU.'" (SEE PAGE 658.)

bered his experience at the Capitol, so he took a leaf from a little note-book, wrote his name on it, and gave it to the man at the door, who seemed, from his accent, to be a German. The messenger quietly tore it up and said:

"You go 'vay! Der President hat no dime for you leetle poys."

"Every one tells me to go home," thought the boy, and for a moment or two he really wished himself there. But he resolved to make another attempt, and wrote his name upon another piece of paper. The man at the door destroyed this also.

Indignant at this treatment, Louis said loudly: "You have no right to treat me in this way, and if President Lincoln knew it he would not allow it. I 've as much right to see the President as any senator or governor in this country, and I know that the President will see a boy who has taken the

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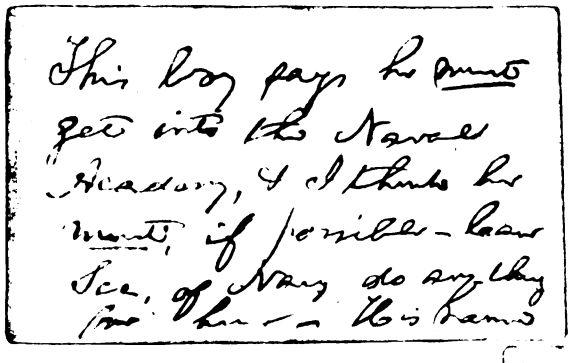
trouble to walk from Boston to Washington to see him! Are you going to let me in?"

The man said, "No," and, turning his back, paid no further attention to Louis.

Before many minutes, and while the door stood ajar, some one required the man's services and he went a few paces away from his post. In an instant Louis slipped in and ran literally into the President's arms!

It seemed that the President had heard the altercation at the door, and was coming toward the doorway as Louis entered. As he received Louis, he said:

"Would n't they let you in to see me, after your having such a long and wearisome journey?" Then, turning to the doorkeeper, the President went on, "When a boy walks from Boston to Washington to see me, as this boy has done, I 'd rather see him than all the politicians in the United States!"



The doorkeeper went out, much abashed, and the President said in his kindly way:

"Sit down, my lad. I suppose you wanted to see the President and the other curiosities at Washington?"

"No, sir," said Louis; "I have come on business."

Mr. Lincoln sighed, and said to Secretary Seward, who stood near, "Even the boys must come on business! Well, what is your business?" he asked Louis, a little less cordially.

Then Louis made up his mind to do his best.

"Mr. President," he began, earnestly, "I want to be a midshipman in the navy, and have come to ask for an appointment as cadet in the Naval Academy——"

The President here interposed, "But are you aware that I have seventeen hundred applications on file?"

"Please add my name to the list, and make it seventeen hundred and one," said Louis, good-humoredly.

Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily at this.

Young as he was Louis saw that, though he had made a good impression, the President regarded the appointment as out of the question. Resolved to convince the President that it was a serious matter, he said in a determined tone:

"Mr. President, I am in earnest. I *must* have that appointment——"

Mr. Lincoln was much amused at his peremptory tone and interrupted, saying, "You *must* have it, must you? Well, you *shall* have it! That 's the sort of talk I like to hear. That 's the kind of material to make a navy-officer out of! If we had more of it in the service, the war would soon be over."

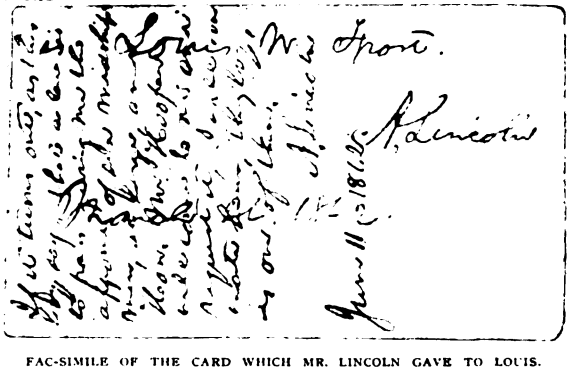
Taking a little card from his desk. Mr. Lincoln wrote upon it as follows:

"This boy says he *must* get into the Naval Academy, and I think he *must*, if possible. Can Sec. of Navy do anything for him? His name is Louis W. F . . . .

"March 26, 1862. A. LINCOLN."

Mr. Lincoln then laid his hand on the boy's arm and said very kindly, "I really can do nothing for you; but a boy who has trudged all the way from Massachusetts to Washington seeking an opportunity to serve his country ought to have what he came for. You go to Secretary Welles, hand him this card, and tell him I sent you to him."

A few words of thanks, and Louis slipped down the stairs and ran whistling along till he reached the Navy Department.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE CARD WHICH MR. LINCOLN GAVE TO LOUIS.

"I 've got it, sure!" he thought. "The President can have anything he wants; he 's king."

He easily gained admission to the Secretary's private room, as he announced he had a message from Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Welles read the card and smiled.

"Did you say that to the President?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Louis, hopefully.

Mr. Welles was especially fond of boys and young

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people, and he was, besides, a very good reader of character. He saw that Louis was a bright boy. He knew, too, how easily Mr. Lincoln's heart was touched by such a case, and he said:

"I could not appoint you, young man, without violating the law. You would not wish me to do that, I know. I have a son of my own whom I would like to see appointed, and I can't appoint him, either."

"I don't want you to do anything wrong, but I came down here to go to Annapolis," replied Louis; and, half choked with disappointment, he went back to Mr. Lincoln. The doorkeeper allowed him to go right in, and Mr. Lincoln stopped writing immediately to hear the result.

The President asked the boy how he had succeeded, and Louis repeated what had been said.

When he heard it, Lincoln's face looked as sad as Louis's.

Mr. Lincoln put on his hat and, taking the boy by the hand, started for the Navy Department. On the way the President asked Louis about his family, and finally inquired why he came alone, and was much amused by Louis's reply:

"I don't bring my aunt with me when I 'm on business!"

On learning something of the boy's ancestry, the President said:

"I see where you get your pluck and perseverance. You shall have that appointment if I have power to give it to you; — if not, I will do something else for you."

Arriving at the Navy Department, the President said to Secretary Welles:

"Welles, I want you to appoint this boy of mine, a midshipman. Any boy of his age who has the pluck and perseverance to do what he has done, I call my boy. Will you appoint him? He tells me you were going to appoint your son. Now, Welles, you have n't any boy of his age but what is tied to his mother's apron-strings and would n't dare to leave home and go through the trials this boy has gone through."

"I have no appointments to make, Mr. Lincoln," replied Secretary Welles. "If I had, I would gladly appoint him."

After a few words more, President Lincoln took Louis by the hand, saying:

"Come, my boy, let us go home."

They returned to the White House, where Secretary Seward was waiting. Mr. Lincoln told of their interview with Mr. Welles.

Mr. Seward suggested that Louis might be appointed to West Point. But this would n't do at all. Louis said he did not care to be anything but a midshipman. Mr. Lincoln, pleased with the boy's resolution and singleness of purpose, said:

"It is no use talking. He has made up his mind, and that settles it!"

"Really, my boy," the President said, after a few moments, "I suppose Mr. Welles is right. We shall have to have a law passed for your benefit. You can have a bill drawn up."

Louis's fervor was beginning to cool. He was astonished that a real President and a real Secretary had to be governed just like other people. Still he did not give up.

He remained at Washington for a long time. His frankness, manliness, and cleverness won him friends everywhere. A bright clever boy, there were many ways in which he could make himself useful in those busy times, and he let no opportunity escape him.

Several senators and congressmen gave him work enough to enable him to support himself. He became intimate at the White House, particularly with the President's youngest son "Tad." But, pleasant as was his life in the capital, Louis never forgot his purpose. Whatever he could do to secure the appointment he did. More than one congressman offered to appoint Louis if he would qualify himself by changing his residence to another district, and Andrew Johnson, then Military Governor of Tennessee, who afterward became President, declared his willingness to give him an appointment, saying he would be glad to have Louis become a midshipman from Tennessee. But Louis neither cared to give up his native State, nor knew how to support himself in a new one; perhaps, also, he was unwilling to leave the field before his fate was settled one way or the other.

One evening, about half-past six, Senator Hale of New Hampshire met Louis just after the adjournment of a meeting of the Committee on Naval Affairs. Of this committee Mr. Hale was chairman. He stopped as he saw Louis, and, beckoning to him, said:

"Louis, I have just drafted a bill which is to be offered in the Senate, and that bill, if passed, will give to the President power to appoint six midshipmen-at-large to fill the vacant districts of Southern congressmen. Now, the bill provides that applicants must be recommended by the representatives of their districts. Now, you go tell the President what I have told you, and make him promise to give you one of those appointments. Don't say a word to any one else!"

Thanking the Senator warmly for his kindness, Louis hurried to the White House, and going to the President's room found him with his son "Tad," to whom he happened to be reading the Bible. Before long, having finished a chapter, he asked Louis, "What brings you here, at this time of the night? Can I do anything for you?"

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"Yes, you can, Mr. Lincoln," said Louis, eagerly. "Senator Hale has just told me —" and he told the story, ending with "and I am here to ask for one of those appointments."

"If it is so, yours shall be the first appointment I will make," said the President, warmly. "You deserve it — you have earned it."

PORTRAIT OF LOUIS IN HIS UNIFORM. (ENGRAVED, BY PERMISSION, FROM ENLARGED COPY, BY MORENO AND LOPEZ, OF AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.)

Evidently Louis did not seem so well pleased as the President had expected, for he asked, with some surprise:

"What! — are you not satisfied?"

"Yes, sir," Louis answered, "more than satisfied. I am gratified and delighted, too, sir. But, you are a very busy man; you may forget it. Won't you please put it down in writing upon the back of the card you gave me for Secretary Welles?"

Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily.

"Certainly," he said, "but — why don't you study law, Louis, instead of being a midshipman?" and he laughed again. Then, taking the card, he put it on his knee and wrote as follows:

"If it turns out, as this boy says, that a law is to pass giving me the appointing of six midshipmen-at-large, and Hon. Mr. Hooper will come to me and request it, I will nominate him, this boy, as one of them.

"June 11, 1862. A. LINCOLN."

At length the bill was reported, but before it came to its final passage was so amended as to confine the appointments to the sons of officers, and thus make it impossible for Louis to be appointed under it.

Louis was almost in despair, but he still hoped that something might happen to change the bill before it became a law.

Among the great men who were interested in his story was Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. He promised to attend to the bill when it should come back to the House. Louis had been recommended to him by a lady who was a well-known writer, and Mr. Stevens became much interested in him. In fact, he had told Louis where to sit in the gallery, when the bill was to be passed. Louis sat in the gallery one morning expecting the bill to be read. It was, but Mr. Stevens was not present. The second reading, — and no Mr. Stevens! Louis grew so excited that he was on the point of calling from the gallery to stop it. He had risen in his seat and was looking wildly over the railing and waving his hand, when, just as the bill was passing to the third reading, in came the looked-for man.

Mr. Stevens at once declared in a loud voice, attracting the attention of all present, that this amended bill was all wrong; that it was made especially for a little fellow who had walked all the way from Massachusetts to serve his country, and, pointing up at Louis, he said:

"There he sits in the gallery, waiting for our verdict." This oratorical appeal had an immediate effect. There sat the boy, "pale as a sheet," as Mr. Stevens said afterward.

Mr. Stevens, who probably remembered his early experiences of adversity and trouble, told, in his usual strong and eloquent way, the entire story with great effect. The House at once passed the bill in its original form, and even the Senate receded, and the original bill thus became law. Mr. Hooper wrote to the President, requesting Louis's appointment, and it was among the first ten ap-

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pointments of midshipmen made by Mr. Lincoln under this law.

Imagine the surprise of his aunt and the rest of the people of Chelsea when they heard the result! Louis came home, not as he went away, walking and carrying a little bundle, but in a luxurious car, and as an embryo officer of the United States Navy. After a little time spent at home he departed for his duties at the Academy. Here he likewise found himself well known. Visitors almost always asked for him.

Some time afterward Louis visited the field of the second battle of Bull Run, and to his great surprise met there the Colonel who had given him the money and sent him on to Washington. Great was the amazement of that officer (who had become a General, meanwhile) to learn of the complete success of the boy's Quixotic plan.

Louis served as midshipman, with credit, and, after the war, resigned from the service and entered the legal profession, thus justifying Mr. Lincoln's keen recognition of the bent of the boy's character. He is still living and is now a prominent lawyer in New York City.

Among his most valued possessions is the tiny card written for him by President Lincoln, and here first published as an illustration to this story founded upon facts.

HOW A BATTLE IS SKETCHED.

By Theodore R. Davis.

THE method of sketching a battle by "our special artist on the spot" is not known to most persons, and droll questions about such work are asked me by all sorts of people. Most of them seem to have an idea that all battlefields have some elevated spot upon which the general is located, and that from this spot the commander can see his troops, direct all their maneuvers and courteously furnish special artists an opportunity of sketching the scene. This would, of course, be convenient, but it very seldom happens to be the case; for a large army usually covers a wide extent of country,—wider in fact than could possibly be seen, even with the best field-glass, from any situation less elevated than a balloon high in air.

A battle is usually fought upon a pre-arranged plan, but most of the circumstances and actors during the actual conflict are unseen by the chief general. He, however, mentally comprehends everything and readily understands what is going on from the reports which are constantly brought to him by staff-officers.

It may happen that the point where the most important movement is to be made, is so located that no general view of it can be had, and it is only by going over the actual ground that one can observe what is going on. Now, the artist must see the scene, or object, which he is to sketch, and so, during the battle, is obliged to visit every accessible point which seems likely to be an important one, and there make a sufficient memorandum, or gain such information as will enable him to decide at the close of the action precisely what were its most interesting features.

Many persons have said that since my duty was only to *see*, and not to fight, they should think that I would not be shot at, and so did not incur much danger of being hit.

Ordinarily, of course, the fact is that, in a general engagement, special individuals who do not seem to be prominent are seldom selected as targets, but if your own chance is no worse, it is surely no better than that of others near you. To really see a battle, however, one must accept the most dangerous situations, for in most cases this can not possibly be avoided.

There have been occasions when some industrious sharp-shooter troubled me by a too personal direction of his bullets. No doubt the man regarded me as somebody on the other side, and considered he was there to shoot at anything or anybody on the other side. My most peculiar experience of this sort was having a sketch-book shot out of my hand and sent whirling over my shoulder. At another time, one chilly night after the day of a hard battle, as I lay shivering on the ground with a single blanket over me, a forlorn soldier begged and received a share of the blanket. I awoke at daybreak to find the soldier dead, and from the wound it was plain that but for the intervention of *his* head the bullet would have gone through my own.

There are also incidents which would show the other risks, besides those during a battle, to which a special artist is exposed. But it is the work and not the adventures of the artist which I shall describe; and to make the subject clear it will be well to explain how much there was to be learned when I first entered the field as a campaign artist.

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